

The torrent expands into France

ALISTAIR HORNE: *To Lose a Battle*. 555pp. Macmillan. £3.3s.

With this well-mapped, well-indexed, well-documented book, Mr. Horne completes his masterly trilogy. The first two volumes, *The Fall of Paris* and *The Price of Glory*, dealt respectively with the Siege of Paris and the defence of Verdun, the present one, *To Lose a Battle*, with the fall of France in 1940. He says in his preface that it has been the most difficult to write of the three. That is not surprising: there is still no French Official History; the memoirs of the chief French participants are often conflicting; the speed of the collapse was such that few records were kept, and many of them lost. On the German side there is almost too much material. It is the more remarkable that Mr. Horne has been able to pull so many strands into a single tapestry, and to produce such a clear narrative.

Thirty years afterwards, it seems strange that the inevitability of what happened was not foreseen. The French were still unlearning the lessons of the First World War as they understood them, and basing all their plans and all their training on a defensive concept. The Germans, putting to the best possible use such scanty resources as were allowed them, had studied the teachings of the British prophets of mobile warfare—Liddell Hart, Muriel, Fuller—as though they were tablets from Sinai. There could be no greater contrast between the *dramatis personae* of the two sides as war drew inexorably nearer: Gamelin, Georges, Vuillemin; and Halder, Manstein, Guderian. Vuillemin's nerve was irretrievably shattered as early as 1938, when the Germans deliberately showed him what they were building in the way of aircraft. Only a handful of people in Britain were the French officer instructor at Sandhurst suspected that these lionhearted giants of the French Army, with their golden First World War reputations, might prove to have feet of clay. A party of senior British generals, invited to inspect the Maginot Line in 1938, returned, doubtful indeed about the wisdom of relying so much on its short length, but deeply impressed by Gamelin personally.

On the German side, the men at the top, such as Von Brauchitsch (who was terrified of Hitler) and Keitel (who was Hitler's creature), were not the most influential. Hitler's own "hunch", which overrode much of the advice rendered him, was largely responsible for the staggering success of the campaign. He was reinforced in it by two comparatively junior officers who were largely the designers of victory: Von Manstein, Chief of Staff to Von Rundstedt at Army Group A; and Guderian, commanding the 19th Panzer Corps under the lightweight Kleist. (A moment was to come during the campaign when Guderian was to resign in protest at Kleist's ineptitude; Kleist accepted it, but was overruled, and Guderian had the satisfaction on May 20, still in command, of seeing the North Sea

from one of his tanks. It was Guderian who for years paid a private translator to furnish him with copies of all Liddell Hart's lectures and writings as they appeared. It was Manstein who framed the plan, based on Liddell Hart's theory of "the expanding torrent", on which with minor modifications the battle was fought. That was Liddell Hart the theorist; it was Liddell Hart the historian who coined the apt phrase "the matador's cloak" for the feat which so thoroughly deceived Gamelin, and drew his full strength up into Flanders while the main blow was being prepared to come through the Ardennes. That blow fell on the unfortunate General Curat and his wretched Ninth Army: mostly reservists, and below strength in men and material at that. When the crunch came, they not only broke, they disintegrated.

Granted the eagerness of the Germans and the reluctance of the French to engage once again in war, the result was perhaps preordained anyhow. Perhaps it was merciful in the long run, and beneficial both to France and the final outcome of the war, that the German stroke came as quick and as final as a rabbit-punch. The Germans had planned so well that at one stage Guderian lifted bodily the orders from a "war game" that he had conducted some months before, and issued them as they stood, altering only the dates and times. Many French formations dissolved, in the words of Burns, like snowflakes in the river. "A moment white, then gone for ever". On May 14, General Grandard, commanding the 10th Corps in Hainaut, tried to ring up Huitziger, only to find that his own signals exchange had been dismantled. "By nightfall", as Mr. Horne puts it, "he possessed only the empty husk of a command." The same applied to several other equally luckless generals. Some were separated from their commands by German thrusts. Some were abandoned. Subordinate formations were switched without notice. Unauthorized orders to withdraw were eagerly obeyed.

Every counter-attack was mounted twenty-four hours too late. Every regrouping failed for one reason or another: bad communications (the chain of command was far too long and complicated), refugees on the roads, mechanical breakdowns, separation of guns and petrol lorries from the main bodies, unreported moves of headquarters to new locations. Revved figures like Georges, René Alméras and others, wearied and bewildered beyond endurance or understanding, infected those about them with their gloom, which spread speedily to the limits of their commands, and beyond.

These were not all the setbacks. Both King Leopold and Lord Gort, commanding the Belgian and British contingents, were left for several days without any orders from General Billotte, under whose command they had been placed. When Weygand (rushed in from Syria at the last moment by Reynaud to replace Gamelin) flew at great

personal hazard into Flanders, already cut off from the main French force, by the German thrust to the sea, to meet Billotte, King Leopold and Gort, the conference was abortive: Gort never received his summons until too late, and missed the meeting, and the King was already barely on speaking terms with his Ministers. Billotte, the repository of Weygand's plan—such as it was—suffered a car crash on his way back from the meeting and died after two days in a coma: two days during which he was not replaced, and during which no orders or co-ordination were forthcoming. The swiftly spreading rumour that he had committed suicide was another ingredient in the general collapse of morale.

The final charge against Gamelin is that he never grasped the nettle. He devoted one critical day when he should have been exerting his authority to the utmost to preparing an elaborate appreciation of the situation at the request of Daladier. He was reluctant to intervene in the battle, but instructed his Chief of Staff, Doumenc, to advise him about when he should. Doumenc did so finally at 5 a.m. on May 19; but within twenty-four hours Gamelin had been replaced by Weygand. He evidently mistook his own judgment whereas two years later, in North Africa, Sir Claude Auchinleck in a not dissimilar situation chose his own moment to intervene, and proved himself right.

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much cheer. Although he was to display exceptional powers of physical endurance for a man of seventy-three, his first remark after seeing a map of the German advance was: "If I had known the situation was so bad, I would not have come." This does not read prettily; still less so when one remembers how robustly his late colleague Weygand was to shoulder the equally hopeless assignment of the American-British-Dutch-Australian Command (A.B.D.A.C.) O.M. nineteen months later.

There was still to be drama in the last two weeks of the campaign. Those two paladins, Guderian and de Gaulle, were to fight each other directly; the two disciples of Liddell Hart, the one with a sledgehammer, the other with a bodkin. Another British prophet of armour, Martell, was to have his one chance of commanding armour in the field, when he left the sole successful British counter-attack southwards from Arras with a handful of Matthias. It was a pathetic little prod in a way; but, as Mr. Horne points out, it was to have repercussions far beyond its immediate, short-lived achievement. It imposed a sudden caution on the Germans, which contributed to the successful evacuation from Dunkirk a few days later.

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Disaster in the Far East

JOHN CONNELL: *Wavell: Supreme Commander*. Edited by Michael Roberts. 317pp. Collins. £2.5s.

The second volume of John Connell's biography of Earl Wavell, of which all but the last two chapters had been finished before the author's untimely death in 1965, is as finely constructed as its predecessor, *Wavell: Soldier and Soldier*, and is written in Connell's vein with an intense sympathy for his subject which does not blur his judgment or encroach on his historical fact. This volume has been completed and faithfully edited by Brigadier Michael Roberts, who served with Wavell in the Arakan and was one of the official historians of the war against Japan.

The *Supreme Commander* volume inevitably presents the second act of a tragedy. The first had been gloomy enough, set in the broad area of the Eastern Mediterranean, the Middle East and East Africa, and relieved only by Wavell's early victories over the Italians. But it had been almost parochial in comparison with the immense *mise-en-scène* of the second act, which stretched from India across Burma to Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, taking in for a while responsibility for South East Asia and much of the Western Pacific. At times it included the Philippines and North-

em Australia, and not until the Japanese onslaught occurred—Wavell relieved of responsibility for Iraq and Persia, a theatre which was becoming increasingly sensitive as the German armies advanced into the Caucasus.

The ramshackle defences of these vast tracts of land and sea had, as far as the British were concerned, already been milked of their best trained troops in order to patch up the crises in the Middle East, and the case for ships and aircraft was much the same; the reinforcement of aircraft for the defence of Malaya and Singapore had been much underestimated and supply had not come up even to this estimate: the aircraft that were available were generally of inferior quality to those of the Japanese, and most of them were deployed in scattered forward airfields where they had to be protected by ground defences, thus fatally dispersing the army needed to defend Malaya, and inviting defeat in detail. Since the defences of Singapore were already set for what was to be, perhaps, Britain's greatest military debacle. Anti-aircraft defences over the whole area were so thin as to be virtually non-existent, even for the important armament industries concentrated round Calcutta. The outlook was indeed forlorn.

It is hardly surprising that the United States put forward no competitors for this supreme Command and that Roosevelt and his advisers pressed the Prime Minister to appoint Wavell when the decision was taken to form A.B.D.A.C.O.M. At once the disasters came crowding in—so fast that within the space of some six weeks Malaya and Singapore had gone; the Japanese had invaded Burma, Java, Sumatra, Bali, New Guinea; their fleet carrier force which had attacked Pearl Harbor had struck a crippling blow at Port Darwin in Northern Australia; and A.B.D.A.C.O.M. had been dissolved. Back in India as C-in-C, Wavell began to occupy himself with plans for the collapse of Burma, but, with the collapse of his Arakan offensive a year later, Churchill once more recalled him.

Enough has been said to show that Wavell could not have succeeded in holding the Japanese anywhere East time and with the resources that were available to him. For any other commander in the same circumstances to have done as well and to have borne the burden as long as

Wavell, already cut off from the main French force, by the German thrust to the sea, to meet Billotte, King Leopold and Gort, the conference was abortive: Gort never received his summons until too late, and missed the meeting, and the King was already barely on speaking terms with his Ministers. Billotte, the repository of Weygand's plan—such as it was—suffered a car crash on his way back from the meeting and died after two days in a coma: two days during which he was not replaced, and during which no orders or co-ordination were forthcoming. The swiftly spreading rumour that he had committed suicide was another ingredient in the general collapse of morale.

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king. He quotes various theories, some proven facts, and asks us to judge. At least two theories are established: that Wavell was still unable to comprehend the magnitude of his situation, and that he was being over-cautious.

Going, jealous of the army on the ground, Luftwaffe to have evolved over the final bill, for no prestige.

The gloomy story is occasionally brightened by occasional acts of gallantry. Wavell tells us again—the story was told too often—how the staff of the Cavalry School at Sandhurst defended their barracks for five days without any kind of supplies, might have added how the bishop of Tours, in full episcopal dress, was seen in the man crossing of the Pantheon in his ancient cathedral city.

Almost without exception, French Generals were old-fashioned in the past, and obeyed all the wrong ideas. Some were condemned to live in age, puzzled to the end by what happened: Gamelin was sixty-nine when he died, Weygand eighty-eight, when he died.

Wavell is unlikely to be challenged as the definitive account of the period, which is clearly presented and clearly written.

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Benn

He joined the S.C.M. staff after leaving Oxford, and then worked for the International Student Service until 1935. As an ex-service man, he challenged the politicians of the war was a lamentable decline from the good old days; and he distrusted pacifists who cried "No more war!" He just wanted "More peace." He also distrusted the pessimism of Karl Barth, whom he regarded as a heretic who undermined German resistance

to Hitler, and incidentally the S.C.M. No optimist, he was on the side of hope.

His life changed with awareness of anti-Semitism. As a Christian, he started to explore its historical origins, for which he found Christians primarily responsible. The Judaeo-Christian split was a schism in which there was truth on both sides, with Christianity emphasizing love and the Jews justice. He became involved at the same time with historical research and the rescue of Jewish refugees from Nazism. (Nazi agents tried to bump him off in Geneva.) His patron became I. M. Sieff, a Jew financing a Christian in the task of reconciling Jew and Christian against their common enemies, the totalitarianisms of right and left.

Dr. Parkes began his career as a writer in 1930 with *The Jew and his Neighbour*, since when he has written sixteen other books on Jewish-Christian problems. In 1940 he began a second writing career as John Hadham, the author of a Penguin special called *Good God*. Since then, he has led a Jekyll and Hyde—or, as Parkes and Hadham—life, in which he has sometimes been asked as John Hadham to support James Parkes or vice versa.

One's only criticism of his heartening autobiography is that at times the author, absorbed in his committee work, uses too many abbreviations. I.M.S. of course stands for Sieff and I.S.S. for the International Student Service, but one gets a bit bogged down with the S.M.H., the E.S.R., and the W.S.C.F.

Both James Parkes and John Hadham are thoroughly nice people and have done a enormous amount of positive good in the world. But, towards the end of the book, there is a certain amount of obfuscation about the conflicts of Christianity and Judaism, which would no doubt be clearer if one had studied, as the present reviewer has not, Dr. Parkes's scholarly lifework. It would be too much to expect him to anticipate such ignorance. *Voyage of Discoveries*, as well as being a heartening autobiography, is a challenge to catch up on one's reading.

Not a saint

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What instead has happened is that a brilliant Frenchman, M. Julian, already the biographer of Robert de Montesquiou (for the Baron de Charlus), brought out last year, in France, a long, intelligent, amusing, and entirely un scholarly life which has been here translated, not always too happily, by Mrs. Violet Wyndham, the daughter of Ada Lovelace. There is nothing particularly wrong with the book as it stands except that, by a sort of extension of Gresham's Law, it now becomes unlikely that a better English book on the subject, employing the new materials available, will be written for a considerable time. And this is a pity because, despite all M. Julian's intelligence, there is—almost necessarily—throughout this volume that slight blurring of focus, that hardly perceptible touch of false emphasis which commonly occurs when a man of one culture is dealing with the concerns of another.

One does not wish to stress this, so perhaps a single example will sufficiently make the point. Speaking of *The Critic as Artist* (written 1890), M. Julian observes, "he wrote this at the time when Gordon was conquering the Sudan and Scott exploring the Antarctic". But Khartoum fell in 1885, and Scott's first expedition set out in 1901; and this is only one of many examples of the same slap-happy way of dealing with facts; another is the equating of "Old Q" with Thackeray's Lord Steyne. Still worse, though quotations are lavishly given from any number of sources, no indication is provided whence they come, and this even applies to some of the illustrations. It would, for instance, be most interesting to know the provenance of the striking picture, which looks as though it were a magazine illustration, described as Wilde by Greiffenhagen. To add to all this confusion there are sundry passages in the text indented by footnote as being "translator's additions", and these inappropriately give no indication whatever where the translator's addition begins or ends.

To look, however, on the brighter side, the strength of the book naturally resides in those of its aspects that one would expect a Frenchman to do well. His observation, for example, that "in order that certain words should stand out as the author intended, Salome [in the play so styled] has to be acted with no English accent"; his descriptions of the French scenes generally; stay remarks such as Montesquiou's description of Wilde as "the Antinous of the Horrible"; or Bourget on Pater: "a lover of Cicerone changed into a minstrel"; or, again, on Wilde, Edmond de Goncourt: "an individual of doubtful sex who talks like a third-rate actor".

This, then, is no hagiology. The essence of M. Julian's view of Wilde's tragedy is that he asked for it; that he destroyed himself in an

ecstasy of masochistic self-indulgence. Through he evidently finds his subject more interesting as a character than as a man of letters, M. Julian also does his best to deal with the works, a process that at times throws up some odd judgments. He regards "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" as "a masterpiece"; he seems to take "The Soul of Man under Socialism" with considerable gravity, remarking that "the essay resulted in Wilde's being taken for a revolutionary writer in Russia"; though hardly grasping the full excellence of the *Intimations* volume, he appears at least partially to swallow the nauseating Calvary-and-St.-Francis aspects of the 1905 *De Profundis*; and he dismisses the supreme triumph of *The Importance of Being Earnest* by saying that the French fail to understand the love of the English for the nonsensical, and that its characters "like those of Lewis Carroll" live "in a world of make-believe".

In his introduction, moreover, he asserts that *Intimations* derives from Bouglé's *Dialogues Esthétiques* and that *Dorian Gray* owes much to the writer, Jean Lorrain—interesting suggestions that are not seriously enlarged upon in the text that follows.

M. Julian makes some play with a letter to Smithers, part of which was not printed in the Hart-Davis edition. The excluded portion, however, is of small significance, and the text as here printed contains the alarming misreading "Athenian" for "Athenaeum"—an error that may be instantaneously detected as a facsimile of the holograph letter is thoughtfully included on the endpapers. It is also correctly transcribed in the Hart-Davis *Letters*. Perhaps after all, one reflects, it is still to that book that we must turn as being the best, as they are certainly the most sympathetic, presentation to date of the strange being that was Wilde.

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M. Julian makes some play with a letter to Smithers, part of which was not printed in the Hart-Davis edition. The excluded portion, however, is of small significance, and the text as here printed contains the alarming misreading "Athenian" for "Athenaeum"—an error that may be instantaneously detected as a facsimile of the holograph letter is thoughtfully included on the endpapers. It is also correctly transcribed in the Hart-Davis *Letters*. Perhaps after all, one reflects, it is still to that book that we must turn as being the best, as they are certainly the most sympathetic, presentation to date of the strange being that was Wilde.

Not a saint

PHILIP JULIAN: *Oscar Wilde*. Translated by Violet Wyndham. 420pp. Constable. £2.10s.

The publication in 1962 of Sir Rupert Hart-Davis's masterly edition of Wilde's *Letters* rendered it probable that some day a new biography of Wilde would appear. Hosketh Benson's highly entertaining study had been written as long ago as 1946, and while Mr. Montgomery Hyde has more recently dealt fully with the trials and their aftermath there was no doubt about for a final summing-up of a figure about whom, during the past half-century, more ink has been spilt than on any other person of a relatively limited achievement. Besides, the warring views were silent at last: Ross and Douglas, Sherard, the Sphinx, even Vyvyan Holland are all dead. It seemed possible that at last we might be given something as definitive and as durable as the Epstein memorial over the grave in Père Lachaise.

What instead has happened is that a brilliant Frenchman, M. Julian, already the biographer of Robert de Montesquiou (for the Baron de Charlus), brought out last year, in France, a long, intelligent, amusing, and entirely un scholarly life which has been here translated, not always too happily, by Mrs. Violet Wyndham, the daughter of Ada Lovelace. There is nothing particularly wrong with the book as it stands except that, by a sort of extension of Gresham's Law, it now becomes unlikely that a better English book on the subject, employing the new materials available, will be written for a considerable time. And this is a pity because, despite all M. Julian's intelligence, there is—almost necessarily—throughout this volume that slight blurring of focus, that hardly perceptible touch of false emphasis which commonly occurs when a man of one culture is dealing with the concerns of another.

One does not wish to stress this, so perhaps a single example will sufficiently make the point. Speaking of *The Critic as Artist* (written 1890), M. Julian observes, "he wrote this at the time when Gordon was conquering the Sudan and Scott exploring the Antarctic". But Khartoum fell in 1885, and Scott's first expedition set out in 1901; and this is only one of many examples of the same slap-happy way of dealing with facts; another is the equating of "Old Q" with Thackeray

Growth and decline of an ideal

DR. H. M. MANSERGH: *The Commonwealth Experience*, 471pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £3 10s.

PERCEVAL GRILLITHS: *Empire into Commonwealth*, 391pp. Ernest Benn, £3 3s.

STANHOPE WHITE: *Lost Empire on the Nile*, 268pp. Robert Hale, 35s.

It would be hard to find three books on aspects of the same subject more different than these. *The Commonwealth Experience*, a series of case-studies on the growth and decline of the Commonwealth ideal, is not a book for beginners but it will be essential to thoughtful students. Professor Mansergh is an Irishman whose urbanity and scholarship are somewhat detached; he has been everywhere, read everything, met everyone that matters, but he stands outside as he scrutinizes Commonwealth affairs. Ireland and India tend to become the focus of his elliptical prism, and the reader who observes these points of concentration may also notice what he relegates to the backgrounds and that too is significant. "This book is about the Commonwealth," he writes, "about its origins, its development, its pattern and concepts of inter-state relations, its experience in peace and war. The object is not to depict narrative. Finally he abstains from giving judgment: 'interpretation of the past is an end in itself'."

After an introductory chapter he settles down to the Durham Report, "with its element of creativeness which even classical state papers do not often possess," and from this standpoint surveys the Canadian experiment, looking forward to the British North America Act which Westminster politicians of all parties treated with an apathetic lack of interest, and so to the general belief of imperialists and anti-imperialists alike in the virtues of a loose association of English-speaking Dominions united only by devotion to the idol of Free Trade.

From Canada the scene shifts to South Africa, where the mild and scholarly Carrington tried to repeat his success in uniting two nations that warred in the bosom of a single state. The first annexation of the Transvaal, so unexpected and so irrelevant, started a train of events that led to the imperialism of the 1890s, and to the racial war of the 1940s. Those rival supermen, Rhodes, Chamberlain, and Milner, were already bound in a chain of causation that inhibited their ambitious schemes. In the conversations over self-government behind the scenes, Professor Mansergh finds the key to the African problem today. "Mansergh on Hancroft on Smiths" will be a classic of colonial history.

It is widely assumed that there was an alternative policy open to the British Government, ensuring a measure of political rights for Africans. It was not apparent to any British statesman with experience of government at the time. After this excursus, Professor Mansergh is able to dismiss Australia and New Zealand with assurance; they are "exceptional" in the sense that they fit into the pattern of an ideal Commonwealth laid up by the Victorians; and everyone else is out of step. Could a Commonwealth, founded so smoothly upon the three Old Dominions, change its nature to include republican Ireland, and after that republican India; or could it absorb and develop a new colonial empire? And yet neither federate nor separate? Not very confidently, it seemed when half the British Cabinet regarded the process as, to quote Morley on the vital Conference of 1907, "the greatest bore that ever was known."

Professor Mansergh's elucidations of the debates on Dominion status are masterly, and bring him to the assessment that "profiting by Irish experience... the problem of republican India's relations with the Commonwealth was solved in 1949... but by this time the Irish had lost

interest in the question". Accordingly, he writes down the period of Dominion status, though he pays a tribute to Duncan Hall who wrote the first expositor of the idea. Only a passing glance is given to the Ottawa Treaties, which are barely mentioned. By contrast with the massive and eloquent studies of the formative period, the colonization in Africa, which has been given overwhelming significance by more recent writers, is here summarily dismissed. The emphasis is upon the failure of federalism, especially in Rhodesia, and upon the breach with South Africa. Harold Macmillan's wind of change, he says, was also blowing in Whitehall, where Secretaries of State whistled the smaller colonies into independence. "What had once been a venture of statesmanship was reduced to little more than the application of a formula."

From this wise and erudite investigation we turn to *Empire into Commonwealth*, an "objective assessment of imperialism". Sir Percival Griffiths presents a plain unvarnished narrative, which is so sparsely written in parts that it is best described as a hand-book, a useful quarry for those in search of facts. Historical judgments on the early period are conventional, and the author limits himself severely to the expansion and contraction of empire. Events in Asia, Africa, and America are chronicle, territory by territory, without much analysis of the changing shape of world affairs or the contradictions of national and party rivalry.

It is difficult for an Englishman to feel any pride in the circumstances surrounding this transfer of power... but, perhaps, the widespread feeling of guilt over South Arabia is in itself a tribute to the high sense of race.

The question that arises, answered after reading Macmillan's book, is: who were the winners? What was the price of this Empire ruled by scientists at Westminster and by minded bureaucrats overseas? Stanhope White offers an entertaining book *Lost Empire on the Nile*. It is the story of the discovery and perils of the Sudan, by Sir Grant, H. M. Stanley, Emin Pasha (for that was his name) who ruled a happy empire in the province of the Mahdi's tyranny by the Nile. Mr. White does not use unpublished sources but much to his knowledge of the British Raj, "Indians were to yield to nobody in enterprise... but in the period with which we are concerned the impulse to modernization came from Britain." A quarter of his book is devoted to recolonization in south-east Asia, tropical Africa, and the Caribbean, and as it proceeds he expresses a growing disapproval. The word "unfortunately" appears in many a final paragraph. His last words are for the hasty withdrawal from Aden.

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The metamorphosis from Empire to Commonwealth is identified with the growth of self-government, with the result that Canada and Australia almost vanish from the stage after the high Victorian days. The Statute of Westminster Commonwealth is dismissed with the words:

It is useless to discuss whether or not it was the wisest solution of the problem of relationships within the Empire. It was, in fact, the only alternative to disintegration.

Sir Percival makes little of the complex of trade and finance, common institutions, educational exchanges and cultural links, which Professor Mansergh appreciates so fully. But on his own ground, on the traditions of the British in India and the political skill displayed in our withdrawal, he writes with authority and understanding, not concealing his preferences. At a later stage, he says of the British Raj, "Indians were to yield to nobody in enterprise... but in the period with which we are concerned the impulse to modernization came from Britain." A quarter of his book is devoted to recolonization in south-east Asia, tropical Africa, and the Caribbean, and as it proceeds he expresses a growing disapproval. The word "unfortunately" appears in many a final paragraph. His last words are for the hasty withdrawal from Aden.

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Freeing the Free State

D. W. HARKNESS: *The Restless Dominion*, 312pp. Macmillan, £4 5s.

In the while away the tedious of an Imperial Conference, some members of the Secretariat (helped at Cabinet Ministerial level) drafted a parody of the Albanian Creed. This irreverent document brought out the highly theological nature of the debates that turned on the evolution of the old British Empire into a Commonwealth. The subtlety of the early Christian fathers, defining the God-head and explaining the mathematics of the Trinity, was matched by that of delegates, notably the Irish, to the Imperial Conferences which culminated in the Statute of Westminster. Balfour, who much relished dialectics, was the father figure, contemplating the transformation scene that was changing the traditional Empire "with a smile like moonlight on a tombstone." Today it may all seem stale, remote, ancient history; the dust has settled as thickly on the Imperial Conference records, as on those of the Church Councils. Indeed, it can be said that dogmas, threshed out in the morning of the Christian Faith are more alive in this critical, questioning, ecumenical age, with its freshly roused curiosity about religion, than are definitions of how to be independent and at the same time refrain from snapping the Crown Link.

Mr. D. W. Harkness, a Dublin-born lecturer in History at the University of Kent, suffers from no inhibitions about the possible dullness of his theme. He sets out zestfully in *The Restless Dominion* to show that those epiphanies of the 1920s were dramatic, and that the Irish Free State representatives played a leading part in resolving them. At the start of this story, the Irish Provisional Government might have been thought to have too much on its own plate to allow for excursions to London; its most forceful member, Kevin O'Higgins, described it as made up of eight young men in the City Hall, standing amid the ruins of one administration, with the foundations of another, not yet laid, and with wild men screaming through the key-hole. Undeterred by these noises, Kevin O'Higgins came, saw and conquered, making rings round power-witted delegates from larger British nations. As his letters to his wife reveal, he enjoyed every moment of the critical 1926 Conference. Scrutinise an Irishman and you find a

theologian, and the Irish delegation revelled in unravelling knotty points of constitutional status.

As Mr. Harkness shows, they were single-minded in negotiating with one end in view: the transformation of an Empire dominated by the Westminster Parliament into a Commonwealth of free and equal partner nations. Other leaders came under fire from the Irish side. Herbert, the South African Prime Minister, who might have been expected to make the running, "talks a lot, and rattle too clearly"; Bruce of Australia was too much concerned with getting himself into print; Mackenzie King of Canada had gone fat and American self-employment; New Zealand "must be like Northern Ireland—it produces the same kind of jingo reaction." But, before the battle was won, the Free States had found allies from Down Under with such good Irish names as Scullin, Moloney and Brennan. Kevin O'Higgins did not live to see this culmination. His grateful fellow-countrymen shot him dead on his way in Mass within a year of the 1926 Conference.

His successor in the vanguard of the attack, P. J. McGilligan, enjoyed the triumph of going to Buckingham Palace and getting the signature of George V. The King surprised him by glancing briefly at the document and then asking where he would like it signed. "If I am signing to denote that I have read and approved," the King explained, "I sign at the bottom. But if I am signing to denote that I am under orders to sign, I sign along the side. I expect you would like me to sign along the side." McGilligan indicated that this was so. The King smiled, signed and remarked that, while it had been a bit rough for the trip over, this night would no doubt be a good one. McGilligan agreed that the weather had improved, but the King explained that he had been referring to the Irishman's great constitutional victory and to the celebrations that would no doubt be following it.

Every detail of this struggle for self-determination is examined by Mr. Harkness. He has made a scholarly contribution both to the history of the evolving British Empire and to that of Anglo-Irish relations. No one who watched those Conferences from the inside is likely to deny that the Irish contribution was outstanding for clarity in stating the principles at stake. But O'Higgins, and the rest were rowing with the tide on which the old Raj was inevitable being

tried away. It is ironical that the Government fell two months after the Statute of Westminster had been made law, and was succeeded by a coalition of the old enemies of the State and while-hogging the State as an alien republic.

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Playing at being us

PROFESSOR G. G. COFFMAN: *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, 335pp. Where The Action Is, £2 2s. Allen Lane, Penguin Press.

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then draws back. In a footnote he states that

much of our legal framework, which implies individual responsibility, deals with the individual as an historically continuous, uniquely identifiable entity, and not as a person-in-role or a person as a set of role slices.

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Perhaps one reason for Professor Goffman's attachment ("embodiment" is the word he would use) to the role of observer of roles is his capacity, exemplified most clearly in *The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life*, to make creative use of theatrical "dramaturgical" is his view social relationships can profitably be envisaged as dramatic performances, the participants being classified as members of either the performing team or the audience, and the setting being divided into a stage, back-stage and an auditorium. This scheme works exactly when applied to actual stage performances and to ceremonial occasions and well enough when applied to formal situations such as occur in restaurants, professional offices or at parties, where the roles of expert or host and client or guest are clearly defined, but he has in display considerable ingenuity to make it sound plausible when applied to informal encounters and gatherings. Here all the participants have to be categorized as both, or at least as alternately, actors and audience, and his analysis leaves one feeling that if it is indeed true that all the world's a stage, then we are all inveterate quick-change artists, skilled in improvisation and always determined that regardless of *faux pas* and other untoward incidents the show will go on. At times when reading Professor Goffman it is hard not to suspect that he may be trying to subvert sociology by sending it up and that he is really an ironist merely playing at being a sociologist.

There is also something intrinsically ironical about his essay "On Face-Work", in which he explores that curious art of experience in which we seek to put ourselves across, and in so doing risk losing face and

Legitimate archaeology has now taken on a new dimension: the sea floor. The efforts of the pioneer marine archaeologists to understand their jobs, to find the funds that allow them to work, and to master a very specialized technology, closely parallel to those of the early terrestrial archaeologists. Equally similar are their often unsuccessful struggles for recognition, and the fragile pattern of exploitation and destruction of valuable antiquities by treasure hunters and even so-called legitimate archaeologists.

History Under the Sea is right in the O.G.S. Crawford tradition, although it is certainly not a work of such importance as Crawford's great *Archaeology in the Field* (1952). Like Dr. Crawford—who was not afraid to write,

My hope of being able to visit the region and produce a full account... illustrated by measured plans, has not been fulfilled... it seems desirable to make the best use possible of the rough diagrams I then drew, in the hope that someone else may be stimulated to go there and make better ones.

Mr. McKee does not mind us seeing his work in progress. He is not a proper archaeologist, and makes no claim to being one. He is simply an intelligent amateur taking an educated look at a very confused situation, which is not to say

become occupied with the preservation of our self-respect, honour and dignity—and in which, if we possess tact and "social skills", we are also concerned to preserve the self-image of others. His analysis of social encounters in which such issues arise is, however, not only ironical but also, in effect it is not in intention, cynical. Since he intends to consider the possibility that participants in social interchange ever become so interested in the subject of their intercourse that they forget themselves. He writes as though the self were always a sacred object, eagerly displayed and inflated and anxiously preserved but never transcended.

This assumption that man is always self-preoccupied and that others are always "them" before whom we display ourselves and next members of "us" with whom we do things, is also implicit in the title essay of *Where The Action Is*. Nominally this is a study of "action" in the American slang sense, that is, of activities which provide kicks and thrills by enabling the agent to take calculated but unnecessary risks, gambling with either his life or his money merely for the sake of doing so. In fact, however, it is a study of the means by which a certain class of person affirms or recreates his self-respect. The gregarious atmosphere engendered on most "scenes" where the action is is completely ignored and Professor Goffman's analysis is entirely concerned with demonstrating that gamblers are preoccupied with proving to themselves that they have "character" and "nerve". And characteristically, character itself is shown to be an illusion, a myth created by society to maintain the morale of its members and to ensure that they behave consistently.

Social organization everywhere has the problem of morale and continuity. Individuals must come to all their little situations with some enthusiasm and concern, for it is largely through such moments that social life occurs. Individuals must therefore already accepted as theirs, and act reliably in terms of them.

It seems that Professor Goffman believes that seekers after "action" are saints *numquam*, or perhaps, sociologists *numquam*, who have seen through the illusions of society and are making a desperate but inarticulate bid to realize themselves in a world that is really unreal. "These naked little spasm of self occur at the end of the world, but there at the end is action and character," are his last, cryptic words.

His well researched account of the pioneering work on the Royal George and the Mary Rose in the early 1800s is the only published account of one of the most interesting salvage jobs ever undertaken, using many sources never before published. His personal account of his lonely explorations around the Solent in his spare time, with no financial support (although he never complains), deserves a place in any collection of tales of man's struggle to work under the sea. His account of what he saw happen to the ancient wrecks around Gifford and Gifford in Italy, is a precise, and understated account of destruction that should make classical archaeologists squirm. All of Mr. McKee's theses are handsomely illustrated by photographs and drawings from many sources, many of them never published before.

The book has defects. Some chapters are not as interesting as others, and the writer's scholarly instincts are sometimes overshadowed by the necessity of writing a popular account. It is a pity that Mr. McKee did not include a larger bibliography so that the interested reader could use the book as it should be used, as an important reference book. For all its limitations, *History Under the Sea* is certainly the best general book about marine archaeology to be published to date.

Wreck operations

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ALEXANDER MCKEE: *History Under the Sea*, 352pp. Hutchinson, £3 3s.

Legitimate archaeology has now taken on a new dimension: the sea floor. The efforts of the pioneer marine archaeologists to understand their jobs, to find the funds that allow them to work, and to master a very specialized technology, closely parallel to those of the early terrestrial archaeologists. Equally similar are their often unsuccessful struggles for recognition, and the fragile pattern of exploitation and destruction of valuable antiquities by treasure hunters and even so-called legitimate archaeologists.

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Representative men

J. G. CROWTHER: *Scientific Types*, 408pp. Barrie and Rockliff, The Cresset Press, £3 10s.

Among the thirty-five books which Mr. Crowther has written on science, its history and its social implications, as well as a study of Francis Bacon, the former Scientific Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is therefore well qualified for his latest task. The distinctive feature of *Scientific Types* is to take four different types of scientific worker—individual investigators, teachers, inventors and organizers—and to study three different examples of each class. The examples overlap, but no matter, the book consists of twelve excellent biographies of men who differed from each other within their own types as much as the types themselves do. And Mr. Crowther is fortunately more interested in the human beings than in their categories.

In the course of *Scientific Types* Mr. Crowther gives a hint of his own view of how scientific biography should be written. Among the "teachers" he has picked Augustus de Morgan, who wrote a severe review of Brewster's life of Newton on the ground that it was advocacy in which that which rebounded in his client's credit was fully expounded and that which was to his client's discredit was suppressed or softened. (This led de Morgan, *inter alia*, to conclude that Newton's half-niece, Catherine Barton, was Charles Montague's mistress or wife, on which it might have been better to have said: *hypotheses non fingo*.) Mr. Crowther approves de Morgan's review "as an important action in his campaign for higher standards in the history of science". In fact, the twelve biographies in *Scientific Types* cannot be accused of tendentiousness: they are authoritative, well-founded and well-written studies of leaders in four departments of scientific work.

The other "teachers" besides the

Morgan are T. H. Huxley and John Tyndall. Huxley, as Mr. Crowther recalls, also wrote a famous review, his critique for *The Times* of Darwin's *Origin of Species* was "one of the most influential newspaper book reviews ever written".

Tyndall succeeded Darwin as Superintendent of the Royal Institution; and James Dewar, inventor of the vacuum flask, served forty-six years in that fertile atmosphere. He is one of Mr. Crowther's examples of "inventors": the others being Osborne Reynolds, who introduced the notion of streamline, and Charles Babbage, who in this age of computers has at least come into his own as the inventor of the calculating machine.

Mr. Crowther's "individual investigations" span nearly two centuries from Thomas Young, chief advocate of the wave theory of light, born in 1773, through Lord Rayleigh (1842-1919), to C. T. R. Wilson—inventor of that most beautiful of all pieces of apparatus, the cloud chamber—who died in 1959 in the age of ninety, having written an important paper for the Royal Society only three years previously.

Mr. Crowther's "organizers" begin with Walter Morley Fletcher, first secretary of the Medical Research Council. Sir Arthur Schuster deserves inclusion for the work he did in making Owens College, Manchester, a nursery of scientists, but he also deserves to be remembered as the prophet of anti-matter. George Biddell Airy is often remembered only for failing to recognize the discovery of Neptune. (Mr. Crowther is right to recall that he had some reason, and that as Astronomer Royal he did outstanding work.) The suggestion that Airy was inclined to trust Le Verrier rather than Adams' "perhaps, a potential supporter for French scientific honours" is one that needs more justification than it receives; after all, Airy turned down a British knighthood twice before accepting.

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OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LIVING WITH THE PILL

The major survey of oral contraception and other methods of birth control, *Living with the Pill*, prepared by THE SUNDAY TIMES MAGAZINE and published as a paperback three months ago, has been an immense success. Interest among readers has been as high as when the original survey was published in the Magazine last year. It was welcomed not only among the million women in Britain who take the Pill, but also by doctors, social workers and women's organizations throughout the country.

The 144-page paperback, edited by Susan Raven, has expanded the original survey in scope as well as in detail. Almost 200 questions on contraception are answered by a highly qualified panel of experts, led by *The Sunday Times* medical correspondent Dr. Alfred Byrne, and including two consultant obstetricians, a urologist, a neurologist, a deputy director of the Family Planning Association and the adviser to a university Student Health Service.

As well as a full discussion of the Pill—its advantages, its efficacy, its side-effects and its possible dangers—the book also finds room for a short history of contraception, a discussion of mechanical and chemical contraceptive devices and the question of sterilisation, and a section of particular interest to Roman Catholics—in assessment of the "safe period" as an effective birth control method.

Living with the Pill has received favourable comment from significant figures in a number of varied walks of public life. Here are some of them:

- Dr. Anthony Storr: "The book fulfils a real need and is remarkably informative and interesting."
- Anne Scott-Jones: "I think... it will be an important contribution to sex education."
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All the old favourites

ADRIAN HENRI: *Twilight at Noon*. 84pp. Rapp and Whiting. 21s. (Paperback, 10s. 6d.).

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ELIZABETH JENNINGS: *The Animals' Arrival*. 40pp. Macmillan. 25s. (Paperback, 8s.).

ALAN BOLD: *A Perpetual Motion Machine*. 64pp. Chatto and Windos with the Hogarth Press. 18s.

J. S. CUNNINGHAM: *The Powers That Be*. 54pp. Oxford University Press. 15s.

It is hard to realise, after his extended

stays in the Liverpool scene, *The*

Mersey Sound, *Love, Love, Love*, and

public readings all over Britain, that

Twilight at Noon is Adrian Henri's

first book. Certainly to those who

have read these anthologies there will

be nothing very new: "All the old

favourites are there," says the blurb,

in the cheery manner of some pre-

Radio-1 disc-jockey, and by "old

favourites" one supposes what is meant

is "The New 'Orr Times" "Adrian

Henri's Talking After Christmas

Blues," "Adrian Henri's Last Will and

Testament," "Love Is . . . " "Don't

Worry/Everything's Going To Be All

Right", and at least half a dozen others

which seem to have been going the

rounds for some time. Mr. Henri (born

1932) is not all that young, though a good

deal of the world-be colish charm

of his poems needs the indulgence

one might expect to find in an

eighteen-year-old who spiritually sat at

the feet of Bob Dylan and played hell

at the local art school. The preoccupa-

tions with schoolgirls ("Beautiful

little girls of 12 or 13 in enormous

singlasses/With beautiful tight little

arises/like two plums in a wet paper

bag"), panties, Hayley Mills and "involuntary

enthusiasms for everyone over 30"

real rather more oddly when one

realizes that Mr. Henri is not a warty

boy but is exactly the same age as

Geoffrey Hill and George MacBeth, and

was born in the same year as Sylvia

Plath.

The blurb is at pains to point out

that Mr. Henri is not a "naive" poet,

and one is directed to the "Notes on

Painting and Poetry" at the end of the

book. These reveal a more sober, phod-

ding fellow, pretty confident of where he

stands in the line of things and self-con-

sciously aware of his roots in Dadism. The

dedications to and references in the

poems predictably introduce Allen

Ginsberg, Charles Mingus, William

Burroughs (as well as a plethora of

assorted girls), but one is misled, too,

by Budeleire, Kurt Schwitters, Richard

Darid, Mahler, Bruckner, Delacroix,

Proust and -preeminently- by Jerry,

whose *Pere Ubu* seems to be Mr. Henri's

favourite *persona*. Like the male poet in

Kingsley Amis's "Bookshop Idyll", "I think

and 'I can read' are the offered

tokens. What is really wrong with this

preening stuff is that it is dead

million dressed as swinging lamb.

Brian Patten helped Adrian Henri

find the kid, Rimbald, teen Harlow.

There was Hegel standing on the

You disturbing Kant's doctrine of

Stars and Engels, painting the

And Popper holding Claspings

Robert Creeley and E. E. Cummings

lover, unhelpfully, but in the

Cunningham's poem, most of

seem to be written with some

unspecified dissatisfaction

in a present intense

unlike where you and I

down in this mostly

insolent

fore love after die.

One grants, giving the book

don't, that something honest

granted for here and there

The Powers That Be, but the

effect is of an awkwardly

being being stitched with

about his own poetry are worth

much. Poets who both write

poetry and have something

while and consequential to say

about what they have always

been a rare commodity, so rare

indeed that in Italy the only name

that would come to one's mind is

Leonardo, and in our own times

Montale.

Nevertheless, for all his

commitment to concepts, theories and

"institutions", Aneschi seldom

loses sight of the fact that poetry

is only secondarily and incidentally

a vehicle for an outcome of ideas,

including the poet's own ideas

about poetry.

However, in the end, one is

left with a somewhat uncomfortable

feeling about the over-theoretical

bias and about the whole question

regarding the so-called "institutions

of poetry". By its very nature an

approach to poetry based on such

"institutions" is bound to be

fraught with risks—risks that

Aneschi himself, most of the time,

manages to avoid. For instance,

there is the risk of distracting too

much of one's attention from the

text in question to what we

hypothetically suppose to have

existed in the poet's mind before

that text came into being; or that of

shifting the focus of interest from

what the poet actually wrote to his

ideas and principles and intentions

regarding what and how he wanted

to write; or that of neglecting what

is locally present in the poem and

incapable of relevance to it for the

sake of proving the relevance and

validity of something else that is

rather extraneous to it. For how

ever polished, and ingenious our

melodrama, and "ricerca" might

be, unless we bring a critically

defined and sharpened interest to

first and last we can hardly do

justice to his ideas, beliefs and

consciously upheld "institutions"

as such. Moreover, not every poet's

idea

This is the most depressing

far in the whole Cape

The machine touched on

Elizabeth Jennings's

"Hospital Garden", "The

"The Broken Mind" is

not naive. Miss Jennings

so much from the theme

feels that perhaps she has

it, and the better work

Animals' Arrival, such as

"Nero to See" and "Back

to earlier concerns. There

nothing here as good as

the *Cultural Poems*, and

this feels rather like an

volume. There are too

occasional pieces.

Alan Bold's first book, *Le*

Neur, that one or two

think with profound respect

which, leaving his door

open, seemed to show a

century medievalists. How

they do it? Had they any

not taken it; the medieval

studies are tipped out on

Words are fallible. The

More than him at

justice to words. No

Absolute; so certain that

Of itself follows it

In the name of mere

All means stand

Context human life is

And so on. The longest

book, "The Tomb of

(subtitled "A Spacetime

moves glacially, reman-

abstractly along, lighted

one moment by a

Adrian Henri might have

been

There was Hegel standing

You disturbing Kant's

Stars and Engels, paint-

And Popper holding

Robert Creeley and E. E.

Cummings lover, unhelp-

fully, but in the

Cunningham's poem, most

of seem to be written with

some unspecified dissatis-

faction

in a present intense

unlike where you and I

down in this mostly

insolent

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book don't, that something

honest granted for here and

there *The Powers That Be*,

but the effect is of an

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about his own poetry are

worth much. Poets who

both write poetry and

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and consequential to

say about what they

have always been a

rare commodity, so

rare indeed that in

Italy the only name

that would come to

one's mind is Leonardo

and in our own

times Montale.

Nevertheless, for all

his commitment to

Jocelyn Brooke's success was always of that limited kind which we call a *success d'artiste*. At the beginning of his career he was praised by distinguished critics, and even at the end, when his material was tired with over-use, his compeer, admitted the skill with which he shaped it.

His first poems were published by Neville Braybrooke in *The Wind and the Rain*. Other, appeared in *New Writing* and *The Poetry Review*. His verse, rather still and intellectual, was collected into a small volume in 1946, but he did not gain much attention until he published, within months of each other, a novel and a book of fictionalized memoirs called *The Military Orchid* (1948). This was the time when the prose writers, who had been hampered by war were publishing their first postwar work. Most were no longer young (Jocelyn himself was born in 1908) and, mixing in with the newsmen of the 1940s, they had to find their feet in the confusing civilian scene. Jocelyn was acclaimed by Desmond MacCarthy and Lord David Cecil. The brilliance of this beginning seemed confirmed by his next two books (both 1950); then came an interval of three years, a breathing space that should have marked a major development. The four books, shared among three different publishers, that came out between 1950 and 1961 show little or no development. As usually happens in middle age reality took over from fantasy, but the puffed prose became weighty; statements made with poetic brevity in the early books were restated ponderously and at much greater length.

Some time in the early 1950s Jocelyn wrote to me, introducing himself and suggesting that we swap books. He sent me a reprint of *The Military Orchid* and asked for an early novel of mine called *School for Love*. This book-swapping went on for the rest of his writing life and he was as strict about it as a boy with a stamp album. Having little to swap then, I never received the last two volumes of the *Military Orchid* trilogy and I have only recently been able to find his novel *The Scapgoat*.

Soon after the first swap he wrote that he was coming to London and would be visiting a composer whose studio was just behind our garden wall. He said he would call on me. At that time, before the rich started their takeover bids, St. John's Wood had a dilapidated beauty and artists could afford to live there. We rented an elegant, haunted villa that had been shaken by a hand-mine and never recovered. Jocelyn was surprised by the size of our garden and by some of the things a pre-war garden-loving tenant had planted there.

The composer, with his guest out of the way, had returned to his twelve-tone composing and, as Jocelyn and I wandered round in the spring sunshine, the air was full of speculative chords that never reached resolution. Jocelyn was sober and subdued. He was lean and lumbering, with a narrow, weathered countryman's face, light mouth and long, jutting nose. His eyes were strikingly dark and gave him a startled expression. He had little to say until we reached a hellebore that was massed with small green flowers. Perhaps it was a *Helleborus olympicus*. Whatever it was, it caused him to stop and stare and he said: "It was an unusual kind. I felt proud of it. Later that evening we met in the Ordinance Arms. Jocelyn was neither sober nor subdued. Soon he began to speak the hilt of the composer's wife and, meeting with disapproval, he went off in search of wilder woods.



An enemy in the mind

JOCELYN BROOKE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY OLIVIA MANNING

I heard no more of him until he sent me *The Passing of a Hero*.

The beginning of *The Scapgoat*, I found, was very like the beginning of *School for Love* and I wondered if it was this that had prompted him to write to me. Both novels begin with a young, recently orphaned boy reaching an unfamiliar environment: after that there is no resemblance. Duncan, the boy of *The Scapgoat*, is a projection of Jocelyn himself, an artist image, and his relationship with his uncle may be viewed symbolically: an aspect of the old love-hate relationship between mind and matter. A poem with the same name as the novel stated the theme in 1946:

Here I stand, in the half light,
At the paths' crossing, by the tomb
Of the warriors, waiting for winter,
Waiting for the signal hour, the sudden
beacons

Lighting the woodland. I am the red-
haired boy—
The doomed head wrapped in leaves;
Alert for loving or dying, standing
Naked in the autumn rain:
Waiting for the lonely and nocturnal
meeting.

The journey over the waters and
The light in the western islands. I
Am the Victim, Life-in-Death: the Holy
Boy.

The second verse introduces "the strong-limbed and bearded Death, the amorous athletic uncle, the killer, the Death-in-Life". The poem opens the contest, a contest that was to drag on long after the artist had trodden the athlete into the mire.

In *The Scapgoat* the killer-uncle is a real uncle, Gerald March, "six feet four and almost disproportionately broad", who adopts Duncan and destroys him. Gerald's sadistic brutality, Duncan's shivering hero-worship, his play with handcuffs, his fear of being thrashed, are given an erotic intensity so the culminating murder seems like an orgasm. The blurb-writer mentions *The Castle* (Kafka), a new flavour, was men-

tioned in every blurb just then) but the influences are much earlier. It is easy to see why an old guard critic like MacCarthy, enlivened but not profound, should be reassured by a ritual killing, hints of black magic, echoes of Forrest Reid and Algernon Blackwood, and the solemnity of the writing. Though *The Scapgoat* is a young man's book. Still, it was a beginning, a first blast against the murderous race of athletes. This done, Jocelyn retired into the long grass and wrote his memoirs as though, in his position of antagonist, he felt a need to explain himself.

The trilogy (*The Military Orchid*, *The Mine of Serpents* and *The Goose Cathedral*) is a fictionalized autobiography, original in construction, penetrating and lyrical, and of all Jocelyn's works the one most likely to survive.

The three volumes do not offer a conventional journey from birth to maturity. Instead, like the waves of the incoming sea, they wash over the same ground but each spreads a little further than the one before. The first book is a quest for a rare orchid, the second for a box of fireworks, the third for the reality of an old bathhouse which symbolizes the author's spiritual reality. The quest themes give some slight shape to the yaeiations between boyhood and manhood. A preface tells us that only the childhood sections are "substantially true"; we may make what we choose of the later portraits of friends, the scenes from army life and the happenings around literary London.

The Military Orchid, which sets the pattern, has a vocabulary which flags a little in the sequel. To the layman, the *Military Orchid* (Plate 26 in *The Wild Orchids of Britain*) by Jocelyn Brooke and Gavin Bony looks much like any other wild orchid, but to Jocelyn, pursuing it down the years, it had taken on a kind of legendary quality. Its image seemed fringed with the mysterious and exciting appearances of a colossus.

name was like a distant bugle-call, thrilling and rather sad, a *cor on foult du bois*. That distant bugle-call, that romantic summons to the lists, the idea that "had somehow become incarnated in Orchis Militaris", all these haunt Jocelyn's early books but fade as the challenge fades and the enemy is reduced to impotence.

Creation is the artist's response to challenge, and for Jocelyn the challenge did not come until he went to preparatory school. Though shy, imaginative and hypersensitive in early childhood, he seems to have been happy. His home was gentle and protective, his interests were indulged: he had a loving nurse who remained as a member of the family for most of her long life. He did not suffer poverty and the frustrations of poverty. He did, however, have to meet the horrid little boys at St. Ethelbert's. "I was timid, a coward at games, terrified of the aggressively masculine, lotemistic life of the boys at school; yet I secretly desired, above all things, to be like other people". Later, in adolescence, he felt the same inadequacy when he encountered some young men at a Mentone hotel:

They were thick-set, muscular, aggressively healthy, with pink, scrubbed faces and small moustaches... secretly I admired and wanted to emulate them: knowing that they were all I would have liked to be, yet could never, by the laws of my physique and temperament, attain to in reality...

After the prep-school period, Jocelyn was sent to Bedales, where he met with sympathy and encouragement. The challenge of the Male, the desirable antagonist, was almost the only challenge he met in youth: it remained to the end the chief determinant of his creative life. He could escape it only when he reverted to pre-challenge days, the days of delicious infancy when he invented the Wild Soldiers with cotton-tuft tails and fell in love with the "naughty" Miss Trumpett and was protected by Ninnie, his nurse.

An early poem "Metamorphosis" packs in almost all the material of the memoirs:

Cartographer of myth, I chart
The course of golden and remembered
The legend of the water-tower, the
orchid found
One spring to the Park, but never
found again;
My mother watering the escabe garden;
With a rainbow made from the spray
Light, Aunt Queta and the evening
High-heeled, powdered like an

The fireworks hoarded from 1914
Streamers, Dordamonts
The Mine of Serpents

In the August night...

The Mine of Serpents, in Mewes, Pain's Assault, Box, may symbolize his and all the characters of his two, even though they are more repellant than Miss Trumpett, the star portrait of volume middle of *A Mine of Serpents* living with the stale bear of the Fitzroy era and the not-very-elevated performing "mak" that constituted the set. The author also meets hood hero, Basil Medlock, steadily degenerates until he is "that crushing bore with the tactile". When war comes, cannot even die a hero's death, instead, succumbs to a dysentery.

In *The Goose Cathedral*, the star is an *ignis fatuus* which, of a better name, the author, in fact, in this book, is no quest. Its heart and secret is a quarry is another novel written by someone old puff called Pussy Bert, with pleasing persistence, the torso of a boxer, kept by the athletic and virile influence of St. Ethelbert's, has Jocelyn's Wild Soldiers fact childhood fancy, nested between the cliffs, Uniformed, attract Pussy's neb, eld, marries her and inherits her. Last seen, he is fat, bald, puffed and trotting downhill to grave.

For Jocelyn, one suspected had its being among the Wild Soldiers rather than the flesh-and-blood soldiers that came down from St. Ethelbert's Camp; and there is poetry than pick-dill in:

The bugles, in these days, have
stretch of coast perpetually,
rises drifting faintly seaward
through answering the far,
booming of the foghorns of
misty distances beyond Dun-

The same visionary comes
soldiering porcelains *The Iron
Drum*, *Sword* which appeared
1950. Here the Kafka influence
over-evident in *The Scapgoat*

really taken over, and the effect, Reynard, moves, being in a threatening and sinister place. A hank clerk living at the end of the world, Reynard finds the world about him, not only in essence but appearance: "... as the world comes near to representing in my mind, a distorted lens, a distorted process." (His symptoms are the novel could be a progressive schizophrenia). In progressive schizophrenia, aimlessness is engaged by a teacher, a territorial officer, initiates him into training for a territorial army. Everyone must be prepared for the day when the attack. Roy—tall, strong, athletic, with "a small blond moustache"—the beam head. Athlete and the only one of these symbols to maintain his throughout the book. As a losing touch with Roy, tries to find the army economy. Chamberlain, is seized by a mother, is charged with a revolver on his table. He returns home and discovers mother living in bed, in a house. Pulling aside the covers, he sees "the vestigial form of a human face. Upon the body, the last fragments of a living flesh clung precariously to some tide-washed rock. The house; he fires and escapes. His old friend, Roy Archer, dying, tells Reynard he must accept punishment because you are one of us, really. I know". Leaving the book, the house, Reynard returns to the house, a faint, far-off, crown, come the crying of the wooded down towards Chamberlain. Derivative though it is, *The Iron Drum* has the impact of Jocelyn's own lyrical and of his private mythology.

simple by the comments permitted in a first-person novel, and suited the author so well that it became his formula. Having adopted it, he developed no further.

Denzil done for, Jocelyn went to work on another athlete called, like the murderous uncle of *The Scapgoat*, Gerald. L's friend says: "... I do so like that sort of athlete—so restful don't you think? And it's old and pleasing that his name should be Gerald". "Why old or pleasing?" I inquired with bewilderment. "Oh, haven't you noticed? In novels, people like that are always called Gerald. There's one in E. M. Forster, and another in Lawrence—you know, the man in *Women in Love*—and I once read a novel by Gilbert Frankau, when I was at school, called *Gerald Crimmon's Love*; the hero was just the same type, terrifically hearty and military, with a moustache."

Gerald Brockhurst, the longest of the four portraits in *Prime View* (1954), is a medico and horseman, a nicer fellow than Denzil but doomed to an even more dismal end. Though apparently so normal and manly, he turns out to be what he himself would call a "bloody nancy boy". He marries in order to share his wife's lover, becomes an alcoholic and, while in the army, is caught in a homo-sexual act and, about to be court-martialled, blows his brains out.

The others in this volume are Miss Winpole, Alison Vyse and Kurt Schlegel. Miss Winpole, an eccentric of the school of Miss Trumpett, is a delightful character who attends the local meet in the smartest of habits, riding not a horse but a decrepit green bicycle. Alison Vyse, a heroine of the trilogy, proves on closer acquaintance to be a female edition of the fascist males whom Jocelyn loved and hated. In contrast

there is Kurt Schlegel, an orderly with whom he worked when in the R.A.M.C. Kurt, who appears in other books, is the figure of an outcast, restless and without hope, bearing about with him always, like a hidden tumor, his heritage of persecution and disaster. Enraged in emotion he is never quite real and his portrait is the least memorable of the four.

Before finally extirpating the serpent Male, Jocelyn returned to his memoirs and wrote *The Dog in the Denim*. This book was induced by a visit to Sicily and the hills of Enna, one of those places, like Clam-brown, that lay "beyond the hills", remote and inapproachable. I saw him just before he set out on this journey by air, and as we were both equally scared of flying, the meeting was overhanging with funereal gloom.

The Dog is a long rag-bag of a book, eked out with bits of literary criticism, accounts of childhood reading and reviewing of memories that had gleamed on the page in early books when his *esprit* and inventiveness were at their height. There are brilliant passages, but much of the related material is as cold as yesterday's stew. As usual there is a Quest and the quest is Clamberbrown, the site of the army camp in *Image of a Demon Sword*, a country of the mind, remote and seldom visited, haunted by the rumour of thunder and the crying of distant horns. Jocelyn describes a long walk that brought him to the disused public house *The Dog* and the disappointment it roused in him. Disappointment is the keynote of these last memories; the key-note, perhaps, of Jocelyn's last years. When I re-read *The Dog*, the illustrations interested me more than the text. Jocelyn used to send his friends a picture postcard showing a youth

disposed to suspect and to disavow imagined rivals. He recognized in Appia, as he had done in Martin Shaw, "a fine creature". Far from being provoked to suspicion or jealousy, he derived from Appia's personality and work lasting comfort and assurance that he was not alone in the phillistine desert, and the hope that between them these baptists of the new theatre would convert the heathen.

To what extent were the visions of this obsessed pair of prophets realized? Was it desirable for the health of the theatre that they should be? Was not Appia finally imprisoned in Piranesian ornaments of his own contriving? Would Craig have diminished players, like a painter using mannikins to give scale to his compositions, until the humanities of the drama were interred beneath a colossal mausoleum of scenic affect? Both tended to forget that the playhouse is an arena for the exercise of human relationships; where the dynamism of the play, whether in tragedy, comedy or farce, has to break down the resistance of the audience to hypnotic illusion. Their conception was one of graceful grandiosity. The new theatre would draw its inspiration as much from the austerities of William Poel and from the restrained symbolism of Jacques Copeau as from the architectural dreams of the masters in Florence and Geneva.

The stage designer's justification as a theatricist is his ability to "enhance the player's power to interpret character by creating the necessary and infinitely variable environment: this calls for, in terms of aesthetic values, a colossal *mise-en-scène* for Hamlet, the provision of period bric-a-brac to clutter the minds and movements of Chekhov's castaways on their islands of bourgeois futility, the provision of an evocative background for photography and even the graceful mounting of social comedy are equal in the eyes of those whose theatrical standards are not vitiated by intellectual bigotry. The greatest tribute that can be paid to Appia and Craig is that they have inspired the designers who succeeded them to approach their work with a nobler sense of proportion and a deeper reverence for their share in the production of a play rather than in the vain display of their talents to decorate the stage upon which it is performed.

Perhaps the most astonishing manifestation of these twin prophets was that when, in the fulfurness of their achievement, they met in 1914 they did not disguise their mutual admiration. Appia was distinguished by an extraordinary kindness and generosity of spirit. Craig, on the other hand, was

disposed to suspect and to disavow imagined rivals. He recognized in Appia, as he had done in Martin Shaw, "a fine creature". Far from being provoked to suspicion or jealousy, he derived from Appia's personality and work lasting comfort and assurance that he was not alone in the phillistine desert, and the hope that between them these baptists of the new theatre would convert the heathen.

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A dream of fair stereotypes

INTERNATIONAL

GREGG INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS LIMITED
FARNBOROUGH HAMPSHIRE ENGLAND
GREGG INTERNATIONAL

DOUGLAS HAYES: *The Sky Young Man*. 218pp. Macmillan, 30s.

This is the second in a projected series of novels and though we have the same narrator as in the first, the ebullient Gus, who so dominated *My*

Napoleonic, American, nursing in the trenches and the life of a doctor in South India. These, however, are just samples. Each of the collections contains a dozen or more rattling good yarns.

WATER, PHILIP. *Apuleius on Trial at Sabratha*. 27pp. The Olden Press, 10s. 6d.

Visitors to Sabratha can see the remains of the basilica where Apuleius defended himself against a charge of indulging in magical practices. Mr. Water, who lives in Tripoli, gives a short account of the trial, and explains how the writer of *The Golden Ass* was posthumously chosen by the pagans of North Africa as a rival "miracle-worker" to the Christian Jesus. To the "Sources" given should perhaps be added the cheapest and most convenient text and translation of the *Apologia*, that in the Husk Library series.

Literary Criticism

MOORE, WILL G. *French Achievement in Literature*. 135pp. Bell, 10s. (Paperback, 9s. 6d.)

Dr. Moore's gracefully poised history is based on a course of extra-mural lectures. It starts with the sixteenth century but is not, happily, arranged chronologically; instead there are thirteen chapters devoted to various genres, from autobiography to tragedy. The quotations are in French and Dr. Moore has managed the massive abridgment of facts and opinions with a tact unusual in this sort of book.

Religion

ARNOTT, ANNE. *The Brethren*. 196pp. Mowbray, 30s.

The difficulty with many, perhaps most, people in appreciating the smaller Christian sects is probably most acute in the case of the Plymouth Brethren, among whom Mrs. Arnott passed her childhood and youth which she describes in this very attractive autobiography. The Brethren began in the 1830s when in Ireland J. N. Darby gathered a group with something like Reunion in mind, but which soon became a society for

the cultivation of the Christian life. Moving to Plymouth he gathered a fresh group, and so they got the name. Each of the collections contains a dozen or more rattling good yarns.

Each position Mrs. Arnott found increasingly difficult, though she admired and loved her doctor father and saw the great attraction of his pious and quietly friendly family life. Her description of that home beginning in the later Victorian years is extremely well done, for she found the love even in its most vexing restrictions or in the drab meetings for worship. She was a highly intelligent young woman, and in the end was bound to revolt against the intolerable fundamentalist rigidity of the religious outlook, and also against the fanatical puritanism. But it was not until her father's death that the revolt actually took place. Then she became an Anglican.

It is a fascinating book, fascinating especially because Mrs. Arnott sees that when the odds are the legalism, indeed the Pharisaism of the Brethren had been sloughed away, there remained with her something enduring. The reality of Christian belief, the conviction that life mattered enormously, and that some decisions had to be made—such things she took with her when she became a schoolmistress, married her solicitor husband, and eventually was appointed a magistrate. It seems that one never quite escapes from one's childhood, but it was the best that she escaped with.

MOORE, R. C. *Ministerial Priesthood*. With an Introduction by A. T. Hanson. 306pp. S.P.C.K. 35s. (Paperback, 21s.)

First published in 1897, this well-known book is still strikingly relevant to the problems of our own time.

the reprint is very welcome, for it is a model of theological learning and pastoral insight. Professor Hanson's introduction reminds readers of directions in which scholarship has moved since the book was written, and this could not have been better done.

Social Studies

MITCHELL, WILLIAM. *Lovely She Goes: Story of Arctic Trawling*. 195pp. Michael Joseph, 30s.

Arctic trawling for the nation's fish is a double gamble: a financial one for the owners, one with life for the crews. This, his first-hand account of a three-week voyage by a Grimsby trawler right up to the Polar Ice Cap, is a forceful reminder of the endurance and toughness demanded of the men. It is as unromantic and rough as the character of the elements against which they struggle. The navigational dangers, the complex operations of trawling and the clashes of personality inevitable in such trying circumstances are rather expertly fashioned together to give an illuminating impressionistic picture of this single voyage. The voyage in turn is characterised of a way of life which is unequalled in the demands of endurance and skill which it makes on those who follow it.

RICKARDS, MAURICE (Editor). *New Inventions, A Compendious Survey of Scientific and Technical Progress in the Arts, Sciences and Manufactures, as published during the Reign of Her Majesty*. 72pp. Hugh Evelyn, 18s.

It was a bright idea to cull from the pages of contemporary publications excerpts relating to the many inventions thought up by the ingenious Victorians, and to embellish them with bewickered and crinolined woodcuts that exhibit the inventions in operation. Some of them—with telephone, photography—are the commonplaces of today; others display an engaging strain of White Knightishness—sanitary bags for the non-nose end of horses, for example. Occasionally, too, there is the alluring beginning of something to be later rein-

vented—the zip fastener, the domestic washing-machine, aerial propulsion by explosion.

No indication is given of the sources of the various quotations or illustrations, nor are there many dates; and this renders the compilation useless for serious purposes. Since, however, its aim is less to instruct than to amuse it may be said to come off, and its very reasonable price is much in its favour.

ROBERTS, BRIAN. *The Battle Against Poverty, Vol. 1 From Pauperism to Human Rights*. Library of Social Policy and Administration. 82pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 10s. (Paperback, 8s.)

This small volume, the first of two, extends from the Poor Law policies of the Tudors to the first "rational" form of social insurance "of the 1911 Act, which was to start on the road towards a policy of social services for all. A compact introduction for the new student to a vast and complex story of social change.

Sports and Pastimes

BARDEN, LEONARD. *Harlequin Williams and Klem, Raymond, The King's Indian Defence*. 211pp. Batsford, 35s.

Two of our leading young players, Harlequin and Klem, have joined forces with one of our leading writers to produce an excellent work on the most important chess opening of today. The book is up-to-date and should prove most useful to all students of opening theory.

Theatre

BENGALE, SUMA. *A Panorama of Theatre in India*. 132pp. Bombay: Popular Prakashan. Rs.22.50.

So much has been written on theatre in India, especially on classical Indian drama, that many western students are terrified by the enormous erudition which seems to be demanded of them. The great merit of Dr. Bengale's attractive little book is that it smooths the path of the beginner, who knows vaguely that Indian theatre is well worth studying, but does not

know how and where to start. The author modestly disclaims any originality, but his subject is so rich and so varied that he has the knack of making a tyro, his thirty years of experience with theatre in India, and the editing of a theatre journal, lend to his writing that touch which will appeal to the theatre everywhere.

FRUVEL and Topography. GORDON, ROBERT H. *Kentish Pathways*. 112pp. Batsford, 10s. 6d. (Paperback, 7s. 6d.)

Drawing a straight line across a map and pondering on the landmarks and place-names, the author speculates on the possibility of a prehistoric linking Reculver with Whitby projecting westwards to a Man of Wilmington; and this rather tentative etymological speculation is only one of the many recollections of the author's photographs taken ago and upwards. For former sea-bathing bath (follies and wells, and so on) book dating back to Quaternary of the subjects of the topography. It makes an attractive reading.

HISCOCK, ERIC C. *Adventures in the Wilderness*. 139pp. University Press, £2.5s.

Thanks to several books, articles, and a couple of series, Eric Hiscock and his wife are among the best of all travellers in small boats. In spite of the fact that he is telling his stories not to the public as a whole, but to his friends. Perhaps that is why the undoubted charm of his illustrated in this case by a lavishly collected photographs.

VACANT APPOINTMENTS AND PUBLIC NOTICES, &c.

THE HATFIELD POLYTECHNIC HERTS

Applications are invited for a new post of TUTOR LIBRARIAN (Lecturer Grade II) with particular responsibility towards the Social Sciences, Management and Arts courses.

The post, which takes effect from 1st September, would appeal to a graduate in the Social Sciences with Library qualifications, who is able to develop courses in literature at graduate level. The person appointed may be based at the Baylbury annexe, near Hemel Hempstead or at the time.

Salary Scale: £1,725-£2,280.

Further information can be obtained from the Academic Registrar, The Hatfield Polytechnic, Hatfield, Herts. Quere Ref: 164.TLS.

BELFAST CORPORATION Public Libraries Department

AREA LIBRARIANS

(2 Newly Created Posts)

Salary: £1,655-£1,925 per annum

Commencing salary not necessarily the minimum scale figure; placing will have regard to qualifications and experience. Successful applicants, who must be Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience, will be responsible for the supervision of the branches within the area, book selections in conjunction with the Deputy City Librarian, staff supervision and co-ordination of special services within their Area and in addition will be responsible for their own branch. Assistance with removal applications. Candidates will be interviewed. Application forms and Conditions of Appointment may be obtained from the City Librarian, Central Library, Royal Avenue, Belfast, BT1 1EA. Completed applications must be returned to the undersigned, City Hall, Belfast, BT1 5GS not later than 31st May, 1969.

DAVID JAMESON, Town Clerk.

County Borough of Dudley SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

(Librarian's Scale)

A vacancy exists for a senior Assistant Librarian in the Libraries Museums and Arts Department. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians or persons who have completed the Part II Examination of the Library Association. Librarians in this grade are given wide experience by job rotation and systematic training. Dudley has a well developed system serving a population of 180,000. Further particulars and application form available from the Director, Central Library, St. James's Road, Dudley, Worcs.

P. D. Wadsworth, Town Clerk

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited for the post of

Deputy County Librarian

Substantial administrative experience essential, preferably in Public Libraries. Salary scale: P.O. Range 1-£2,170 to £2,520 p.a.

The post covers the public library service throughout the county, except High Wycombe Borough, and a schools service for the whole county. Gross expenditure 1968/70 (estimated) £620,000. Removal expenses up to £100 payable in approved cases.

Further particulars and forms of application, to be returned by 24th May, 1969, from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

BOARBOURGH PUBLIC LIBRARIES REFERENCE LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for this appointment from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience. Salary appropriate to experience, but may commence above minimum. Housing available, also 50% removal expenses.

Further details from Director, Central Library, Scarborough. Applications by 16th May 1969.

WEST HAM COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required to the College Library with a minimum of 2 years' experience in a library or bookshop. Salary scale £1,400-£1,700 p.a. plus pension. Applications by 16th May 1969.

CITY OF YORK PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians with appropriate experience. Salary appropriate to experience, but may commence above minimum. Housing available, also 50% removal expenses.

Further details from Director, Central Library, Scarborough. Applications by 16th May 1969.

RESEARCH AND PLANNING OFFICER

for a Bibliographic Centre, Ontario University Libraries

Applications are invited for this position. Candidate should be a professional librarian of considerable background and experience in a position of responsibility in a university or other research library.

The position requires an ability to organize and conduct research, and the candidate needs to possess qualities of imagination, initiative, clarity of thought and expression, and an awareness of current techniques of library service.

The duties of the successful candidate will be to organize and conduct the research needed to establish a factual base for the further planning of the Ontario universities' Bibliographic Centre and to assist in that planning. He will be expected to make himself aware of the work that has already been accomplished and the progress already made in various forms of cooperation among Ontario universities in their libraries, graduate studies and other academic programmes, and research.

Applications for the position may be sent to the Chairman of the Advisory Joint Council (Ontario Council of University Librarians and Ontario Council on Graduate Studies), Dean Ernest Sirluck, School of Graduate Studies, University of Toronto, Toronto 5, Ontario.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX LANGUAGE CENTRE

Applications are invited for a post of

Senior Lecturer/Reader

or Lecturer

in Applied Linguistics

Applicants should preferably have experience in the teaching of a foreign language and English as a second language and if possible a higher qualification in applied linguistics or related fields. Experience in teaching teachers is desirable, and acquaintance with current theories in psychology and psycho-linguistics would be an advantage.

Applications, with copies of qualifications, should be sent to the Head of the Centre for the Department of Language, University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester, Essex, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Applications should be received by 15th May, 1969.

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LIBRARIAN

The Section provides an Intelligence Service mainly concerned with the commercial, economic and administrative aspects of electricity supply. The service, which is available to all Electrical Engineers, comprises the circulation of "Digest" material (summaries, abstracts, etc., prepared by the Section); briefing for addresses, lectures, articles, etc.; and general enquiry service; maintenance of an intelligence data bank on a wide range of subjects; and a full library and bibliographical service.

The Librarian will be responsible to the Head of the Section for the day-to-day running of the Library, involving the purchasing, processing and circulation of publications, making use of modern data processing techniques. The post requires close co-operation with the rest of the Section's work, as well as co-operation with other Departments of Council Headquarters.

Applicants should preferably have a Librarianship qualification and have had suitable professional experience in a large library or university or degree, preferably in a commercial or equivalent situation, would be an advantage.

Salary £2,000 to £2,125

The starting salary would depend on the experience and qualifications of the successful candidate.

Applications giving details of age, qualifications, experience, present position and salary, together with the names of two referees, at least one in employment, should be forwarded to C. M. de L. Byrne, Assistant Secretary, The Electricity Council, 30 Millbank, London S.W.1 by 15th May, 1969.

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Photo quote Ref. T.C.S. 7469

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL

Applications are invited from suitably qualified librarians for the newly created post of SENIOR LIBRARIAN (Bibliographical Services) North East Division (Salary AP III/IV). The successful applicant, who will be based on the Divisional Library at Sileby near Chesterfield, will be the key member of a team of three or four concerned with all bibliographical matters in the Division, including book selection and distribution, and overall control of the request service. Further details of the post may be obtained from the County Librarian, County Offices, Mallock, Derbyshire, DE4 3AG in whom applications (no forms) should be submitted within twenty-one days of the appearance of this advertisement.

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